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COMIC SONGS,
IN THE
NEW ENTERTAINMENT,
CALLED THE
WHIRLING.



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W H I R L I G I G.

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BY

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1800

COMIC SONGS,

IN THE

W H I R L I G I G.

SONG.

I.

SOME call the world a Lottery, where all play
games of chance, Sir;
Some say it is a Masquerade, and some a Country-
dance, Sir.
But spite of all your learned men, with scratch, or
bob, or curly-wig,
I'll give the world another name, and christen it a
Whirligig :
Where still we follow, as it runs so merrily around,
Sir;
And may no honest heart it holds, be ever left
aground, Sir.

The

II.

The law runs round too fast for us to tell one side
from t'other, Sir,
Or know the worthy Counsel Quiz, from Lawyer
Quirk, his brother, Sir;
A wise man it would puzzle just as easy as a dunce,
Sir,
For lawyers often find a way to serve two sides at
once, Sir:
While still we follow, as they run so merrily around,
Sir;
And may no honest heart by law be ever left aground,
Sir!

III.

For gold, that pretty Whirligig, the Doctor's at
your call, Sir,
And ev'ry ill, so great his skill, he's sure to kill them
all, Sir:
At least, 'tis what he'll promise; and, to prove his
word no feather, Sir,
He'll sometimes kill the malady and patient both
together, Sir.
While still we follow, as they run so merrily around,
Sir;
And may no honest feeling heart be ever left aground,
Sir!

The

The French—why, they're all Whirligigs, in constant revolution,

Whose orators dare threaten our good English constitution :

Poor fellows, let them chatter, we're not yet come to that pass, Sir,

To let a Frenchman kill us with the jaw-bone of an ass, Sir:

But George we'll follow loyally; aye, all the world around, Sir;

And may no honest, loyal heart, be ever left aground, Sir!

SONG.

I.

LET Physiognomists fay all they can,
'Tis at best but a simpleton's study;

To think you can fathom a man,

Because he's black, yellow, or ruddy:

Did courage consist in a look,

Some captains would not look so big;

And the judge would be sadly mistook,

Who for wisdom relied on his wig.

If

II.

If the heart could be read in the face,
 'Twould save us from many a bubble;
 Prevent us a world of disgrace,
 And keep us secure from all trouble:
 Professions we never need doubt,
 If the eye were the touchstone of those;
 And a rogue would be quickly found out,
 By marking the length of his nose.

III.

On my faith ! it seems foolish enough,
 Tho' a finger or back should be hooked,
 That the mind with the form must be rough,
 And the conscience prove equally crooked:
 Should your nose, by mishance, stand awry,
 The devil must surely be in't,
 If your friends need be cautious and shy,
 Because a man happens to squint.

S O N G.

I.

MISTAKES are mistakes, tho' disguis'd by a
 name;
 And, however distinguish'd, their meaning's the
 same :
 Whether Bull, Botheration, or Blunder, or Bore,
 There's no diff'rence in life, as I told you before.

And

And sing fillaloo, drimendoo, smalliloo, whack !
 Tho' the fault you still lay upon poor Paddy's back ;
 Yet I hope, with your worships, my Bulls will go
 down,
Because they're the fashion all over the town.

II.

In 'Change Alley your Stockjobbing Folks can de-
 clare,

What comical blunders each day happen there ;
 When a *Bear* makes a *Bull*, at such terrible luck,
 He looks just like a *Goose*, and moves off a *Lame Duck*.

And sing fillaloo, &c:

III.

Our new plays are with Bulls and with Paddy's
 tricks fown,

As if *Irish* mistakes make amends for their own ;
 And, to shew you they nothing without them can do,
 By my soul, they've got Bulls in their Pantomimes
 too.

And sing fillaloo, &c.

IV.

May we never want *Bulls* to provide us with *Beef* ;
 May Britons, distress'd, find from Britons relief :
 May George ever reign, without fear of foul weather,
 And John Bull and Paddy Bull stick close together !

And sing fillaloo, &c.

SONG.

I.

YOUR claims to my gratitude how shall I pay,
 Or utter my thanks for your favours to night;
 To accord with my feelings I nothing can say,
 For justice to do them expression's too light !
 Yet, as silence might make me ungrateful appear,
 And in your good opinion my sentiments wrong,
 I have tried if my Muse would such conduct excuse,
 And your kindness endeavour to pay with a song.

II.

May pleasure attend you wherever you go ;
 And, fearless of care, may you happily live ;
 And only by name may ye misery know,
 But enjoy ev'ry bliss that is Heav'n's to give.
 May fruition anticipate every wish ;
 May your lives, like your pleasures, be all very long ;
 And your time, till the end, may you chearfully spend,
 And this will I sing to the end of my song.



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